## MRS. GRANT AS SHE REALLY WAS.

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A MASTERFUL WOMAN WHO WAS THE GENERAL'S SECOND SELF.

vices were denied, no matter what the po-

litical exigencies of the moment, the wid-

ley's failure to appoint Col. F. D. Grant to

the Austrian mission, or some other equally

important place. To Col. Grant, as was

Assistant Secretary of War. This was not

considered commenturate with the family claims, and the Grants were dissatisfied.

of this city, for five years the faithful at-

tendant of Gen. Grant and with him to the

end at Mount McGregor, went to Mrs. Grant

to prefer a claim for his son Willie. Ever

since Gen. Grant s death she has been a con-

siderate patron of this old servant, and

Willie himself had been her footman in New

York in the prosperous days after the Presi-

inquired what he wanted.

favors of them."

was ameliorated.

dency. She greeted Harrison cordially and

"I came up, Mrs. Grant, to ask you to

write a little note to Mr. John Russell Young

came on to the capital and none of his

brothers or sisters ever shone at the Execu-

tive Mansion. His father, Jesse Grant, and

his sister Jennie were present at the first in-

auguration. Biographers say, with how much truth is not known, that they were

Mrs. Grant's entire family surrounded

her. Unreconstructed old Col. Dent aban-

doned St. Louis and removed to Washington,

bag and baggage. Mrs. Grant's two sisters,

Mrs. Sharpe and Mrs. Casey, were long con-

spicuous members of the White House

ocial coterie. Grant was accused by

the opposition press of appointing all his

brothers-in-law to office.

Gen. Grant personally bothered himself

very little about this. When Mrs. Grant

spoke up for Casey and Sharpe, he acquiesced

in whatever was demanded. But he thought

And the faithful w'fe, who had braced him

when he thought himself a defeated man,

TRAPS FOR BURGLARS.

A Westchester Man's Plan for Bagging

In Westchester county, where many

Thieves Without Risk.

burglaries have been committed recently,

people are asking one another what they

would do if they should awaken suddenly

some night and find a burglar in the room

The answers do not vary much. One man,

however, has, or thinks he has, solved the

"What a burglar fears," he said, "is

noise, so I have arranged a scheme that

"Right in my bedroom is a big, healthy

12-inch gong. It is worked by electricity

and the switch is fastened on the inside of

the sideboard of my bedstead, out of sight

but very convenient to my hand as I lie

e came up.
"Imagine him, then, rushing in terror

gun, and he is in a bright light. I think the odds will be heavily on my side, especially since he is certain to feel a little discommoded because of his undignified descent. The probability is that he will be kind enough to heed me if I tell him to stay just where he is while my wife calls the police on the telephone."

lieved to the day of her death that her

none the less of his own father's family.

unpaid.

I think will work.

not encouraged at the White House.

Some time afterward, Harrison Terrell

nerally reported, was offered the place of

mother instantly became malcon-

A case in point was President McKin-

WARRINGTON, Dec. 19 .- The real person | erence on account of Grant's great serality of the widow of Gen. Grant is like to disappear entirely in the cloud of hurried and fulsome panegyric called out by her

Gen. Badeau, the historian, has said that he was always impressed with the singular influence the wife weilded over the General. It is unlikely that this influence would have ong continued after Gen. Grant had passed middle age and emerged from obscurity and penury into a world-wide popularity had she been the colorless domestic character one gathers from these publications Ter domination of Grant continued to the

As a matter of fact Mrs. Grant was masterful woman, an individuality of great force, ambitious of place and power, with strong passions and active likes and dislikes. Notwithstanding her alleged unobtrusiveness, nothing is more certain than that Mrs. Grant dearly loved the incense of public distinction won by the great career of her husband, and that she made the most of it. That is not discreditable to er memory.

Those in a position to know say that in the pursuit of any given object she was at times, like Mrs. Lincoln, given to somewhat dation." ment demonstrations toward its attainment, especially when opposed. Viewed in this light as a person of brains and force, the love match she made with Grant is all the more striking and impressive. Under the peculiar circumstances of the affair, it is in itself proof that she was an extraordinary personage.

Both were the children of farmers.

Socially he was her equal in every respect.

The lad was a West Point graduate with career before him, Miss Dent was one of half a dozen children of a rough Missouri pioneer, though he called his backwoods settlement a plantation, localizing it with the high sounding name of White Haven, and was himself dubbed Colonel.

Those were the hottest days of the great anti-slavery battle, and Col. Dent, who was tolerably well off and owned a few negroes, was in sentiment a flery Southerner, who fairly expectorated hatred of the Yankees. That was the prevailing sentiment in his family and neighborhood. Miss Dent herself probably despised all Yankees, except

That Col. Dent held no high opinion of the penniless West Point Lieutenant of Northern proclivities is certain, and there is some evidence that he at first positively opposed Julia's proposed match. Neverheless, Miss Dent was determined enough and strong enough to marry the man of her choice. This event in her career is alone proof of a strong distinctive personality.

Gen. Grant was no martinet. He was not perpetually on guard lest his personal dignity should suffer. He was unconventional and democratic. In the camp he not uncommonly called his young aides by their first names and enjoyed their society. He was a confiding sort of man in his friendships, easy-going in social and minor matters.

Such a person is easily imposed upon by the designing, and Gen. Grant was oftentimes their victim. In a certain way, berefroe, Mrs. Grant was her busband's protector, and felt herself to be such. And as such she was bold and watchful, diligent and artful.

She made it her business, even in war time, to be with her husband in camp and field whenever it was possible. She made long and tiresome journeys for this pur-pose. Her watchfulness of Grant is illusrated by a story told by Gen. Marcus J. Wright, an ex-Confederate officer.

Some years before Grant's death Wright was travelling in Arkansas for the War Department. On the train out of Memphis for Little Rock he fell in with the Grants, and was invited to a seat with Gen. Grant who was well aware of Gen. Wright's official connection. They soon dropped into conversation about the war, and Grant was voluble and frank, as was his wont with friends and those he could trust. Mrs. Grant sat in the seat immediately behind the two.

Pretty soon Gen. Grant, dwelling upon but very convenient to my hand as I lie in the bed.

"When I turn that switch there is a racket right there in the room that is enough to set a man crazy, especially in the night time. Just imagine that big gong starting its racket while a poor burglar is gathering up a faw trinkets to take away with him as souvenirs. I'll bet it would scare him so that he'd drop his booty, and his intensions with it, and just light out.

"Calculating on this effect I have arranged a little surprise for burglarious visitors. Fastened by its lower end to one of the banisters at the head of the stairs leading to the parlor floor is a stick of oak an inch and a half square. At the top it is held in place by a catch such as holds the front door in a flat house.

"When I turn on the switch this catch is released and the stick drops striaght across the stairway about six inches from the floor. I know a burglar will run if he hears that bell in my room, and I want to do something for him after he leaves. He will, naturally, rush for the stairs—and he won't be particular to examine the way to find out if it is just as he left it when he came up.

"Imagine him, then, rushing in terror some interesting event, disclosed important facts palpably of an official and confidential nature. Mrs. Grant quickly leaned forward, and putting her hand on the General's shoulder, smilingly, but firmly,

"Lood here, Ulysses, you oughtn't to be telling Gen. Wright such things." At first Gen. Grant went on with whatever the subject was, saying to his wife Oh, Gen. Wright is all right, Julia: he understands this is just between us two." But presently Gen. Wright observed

that the ex-President's manner was considerably toned down, and the conversation became more general. After a little while, however, Grant

warmed up again, and again Mrs. Grant cautioned him. Now, now, Ulysses, that will never do; Wright doesn't care to hear such

Thereupon Grant would modify his confidences, and his mentor would fall back. This was repeated four or five times, "Julia" interfering whenever the General became too free. It was all done in perfect good humor, but with a definite purpose on Mrs. Grant's part, which she made at least partially effective. She made no apolo-gies to Gen. Wright for her evident distrust of him as a stranger, nor did Grant

le came up.

"Imagine him, then, rushing in terror from my room and meaning to escape by way of the stairs. He's sure to bring up with his shins against that stick. When he does I'll bet he won't go down the stairs on his feet. Of course, I am not anxious to hurt him, but if he will place himself in a bad position I must do the best I can for the community, of which he is certainly not a useful member.

"If the burglar lands on his feet, which is not likely, or is spry and well enough after he strikes the parlor floor to jump up at drun before I can get to the top of the stairs he is all right and safe enough, for all of me. If, however, I can get him at a disadvantage I will try to have him put where he will not commit another burglary for some time, and this is how I propose to accomplish that trick.

"In one corner of my bedroom I keep a double-barrelled shotgun. It is always loaded and ready for use.

"My intention is, when I have scared any burglar with the sound of the big bell, to jump from my bed, grab the shotgun and reach the head of the stairs as soon as he reaches the bottom. At my door is another switch which will turn on the electric light in the hall at the foot of the stairs. I intend to turn this and let the poor fellow see where he lands, if he cares to look.

"But the light will show me also where he lands while I myself will be in semidarkness." If I am at the top of the stairs, where it is not so dark that he cannot see my gun, and he is in a bright light, I think the odds will be heavily on my side, especially show any petulance. Gen. Grant yielded in a sort of whimsica way to his wife's domination, doubtless much as the great Mariborough did to the more assertive Sarah Jennings. The 'family" ran the household affairs as it best sed them, without much reference to Gen, Grant's predilections. At the railway station in Galena, Ill., he called the attention of a local friend to a truckload of

trunks ready for shipment East.
"Do you see that pile? That is the Grapt bagging. Do you see that little black value away up on top? That's mine." Mrs. Grant often said that the happiest

days of her life were the eight years in the White House. In this nalve admission shope her ambitious character. She en joyed being the first lady in the land, and appreciated to its fullest the glory and inace reaped by her husband's military ses. True, in her old age, after the General's sad death, she retired from publie view. But in the days of her power she always insisted upon all the rights of her

Whenever family claims to official pref-

IT IS ONE WAY IN WHICH WOMEN GAIN BODILY GRACE.

the Durbar in India—It Limbers the Muscles and Improves the Form —Deep Breathing a Part of It.

Lady Curzon is learning to fly, according to reports from India; or, to be more accurate, she is practising the motions of flying.

The trying ceremonies of durbar week make it necessary for her to undergo a course of preliminary training. Just think how you would feel if you had to walk a long distance in the face of an assembled multitude; to ride an elephant; to eat and drink, rise and sit down, and, finally after being crowned, to stand and be shaken by the hand by thousands, or kissed upon the hand by the same number. And, added to this, suppose you had to dance a minuet in the evening.
On top of all this, Lady Curzon, wife

of the Viceroy of India, is compelled to attend a round of festivities which might be expected to leave her exhausted at the end of durbar week. Yet she cannot afford to be exhausted, for the Indian Princes will continue paying their tribute. and she must be by the side of the Viceroy, smiling through it all.

To be graceful during this time is even more important than to be pretty. The face is hidden during much of the period,

JUST PRACTISE FLYING A BIT. bears a twig in its bill, and, standing up on one foot, you lift the other one behind you and, then you lift the twig or whatever t is in both hands above your head.

If your body were cut off at the waist line you would appear very graceful, for the motion would be a slightly swaying one and your arms would be separated and the hands waving in that peculia manner which comes of lightness of mo-tion. You can practise this and, as you do so, you will notice how much more graceful in movement you become with each hour of practice.

There is another living motion which s being practised by those who seek to acquire this peculiar willowy action. For this you take a wreath, or other light obect, in both hands, and, leaning as far orward as you can, you place the hands ogether and then separate them.

The motion resembles a swimming move ment with the hands over the head and the irms waving. The body must be bent ar forward and the head thrown back It will be impossible to stand firmly upon both feet, as one foot is required to preserve the body balance. A preliminary motion to the flying one

Incline the head to one side and then to the other. Let every motion be graceful, nothing stiff or strained. Repeat the exercise fifteen times, lifting and lowering the arms and turning the head to one side and to the

consists in lifting the hands high above

the head and opening and closing the fingers.

A splendid motion for grace is a flying one performed upon a footstool. Throw blanket over the footstool. Mount and stand upon one foot. Throw the other foot back of you at almost right angles with

he body. Let one arm extend in front of you on level with the chin, let the other arm extend back of you in a straight line with he chin. With the arms extended in this nanner, one in front of you and one back you, with the head thrown forward action is perfect.

the flying movements graceful when she moves. She has a certain willowy, swaying grace which is very much to her advantage when one comes to consider the personal attributes.

The woman who will try these motions, taking each by itself and exercising ten minutes at a time, will find that she can walk better, seat herself better, enter a room more gracefully and converse with more effect.

The movement of the shoulders is easier

more effect.

The movement of the shoulders is easier and the hips are not so apt to look as square as upon the woman who has not learned the gentle art of swaying them.

The opposition of motion, it is called, this trick of body balance. As one arm is lifted the other is lowered? or, if this be impossible, the body is balanced by means of the feet, which are placed forward or backward, as happens to be the best at the time. The Delsarteans consider this one of the most telling of all personal acquirements.

To get ready to fly, stand straight upon both feet. Draw in the abdomen, throw out the chest, lower the shoulders. Then hrow one arm forward, cast one foot behind

Rise to the toe of the other foot and sway

Rise to the toe of the other foot and sway the arms. It may mean a fall or two, but the results will make you forget your bruises. In the gymnasium they practise this, mounted upon a pedestal so small that only one foot can be balanced upon it. The other is lifted.

As the gymnast changes feet there is a quick hop from one toe to the other. The beginner had better observe a certain amount of discretion in doing this.

The pedestal idea is a good one for her, but she should remember that discretion is the better part of valor for any warrior, male or female; and if she mounts the pedestal it had better be a very low one, so that a chance hop shall not bring her to the ground with a thud. One six inches or a foot high will be big enough for all ordinary purposes of body balance.

In exercising be sure to do it to music. If you cannot get music and cannot even whistle, then try counting. Do each movement ten times, stopping to rest in between. In this way you do not practise long enough to injure your muscles, nor do you slight your task.

Deep breathing is about the hardest thing an amateur can practise. It becomes very tiresome, and the muscles feel strained.

It is uninteresting, too, and one feels as though the foundation of one's being

It is uninteresting, too, and one feels as though the foundation of one's being were trembling in the attempt to get a



to the struggle in the black days of adversity quite these things to do, but she has similar ss she must carry tea tray and on emergency be the bearer credit at that bank was unlimited-that the of a turkey platter nation's debt to her Ulysses was still due and

She will have to pour and pass a cup of tea. More than this she shows her grace, or her lack of it, in a thousand little ways

Have you ever tried to move about your grace of body. Her latest way of doing it is by learning

And this is what it does for you: It makes you graceful, for it could not fail limbers the muscles and makes them proof so the health and beauty culturists declare against rheumatism, neuralgia and stiff-

ing a pleasure and a possibility. It widens the chest and gives the bust a chance It reduces the size of the hips and it makes the waist very round.

The girl in a gymnasium suit who practises these exercises every day of her life, will have something to show for her trouble along the lines of personal improvement for she will gather figure and grace at the

deep breath, which somehow seems pulled from the tips of the toes, instead of from

CAN I LEARN TO MY . THE

he abdomen only.

There are ways to insure deep breath-There are ways to insure deep breathing, which are very much easier than the enforced deep breath. One of these is by making certain flying motions of the head and neck; and, by taking these motions, you get deep breathing without trying to

It is necessary first to loosen the clothing. Then the patient must lift her chin very high, without straining her neck; and then turn and twist the head even as a bird turns

While taking the flying exercises be sure to eat correctly, for the stomach will crave food, and warm food at that.

Interested an Observer.

get it, they starve and freeze to death.

live, on the Sunday after this last snowstorm, I saw a sparrow hop across the sidewalk from the street and up on to the step leading to the door of a restaurant and lunch room there. There wasn't a blessed thing in sight for the sparrow to eat in the street or on the sidewalk, or anywhere; everything around was covered with snow; and its hopping across the walk and up on that step and to the lunch room door looked as though it had read the sign and had hopped up there hoping to get some-thing to eat.

"It seemed not impossible that it had

A WOMAN TENDS THIS LIGHT.

MRS. WALKER'S LONELY HOME ON ROBBIN'S REEF.

Charge of the Lighthouse Fourteen Years and Has a Fine Record-The Only Woman in Such a Post-Her Family With Her-They Like Their Home.

The only woman in the world in charge f a lighthouse entirely surrounded by water lives in New York Bay. About her a population of 6,000,000 people, yet she not a part of it and has not its ways.

When she leaves her sea-swept once or twice a year to shop in New York the rush and confusion of the great crowds all about so fill her with loneliness that almost before she has begun her purchases she turns her back on the things dear to the feminine heart and flees precipitously to Robbin's Reef lighthouse. There, she says, she has not known a lonely minute in the seventeen years that she has watched the endless procession of vessels up and down the bay.

This woman is Mrs. Katy Walker, and he beacon which she has in charge rises. sheer out of the water five miles south of the Battery. It stands on the eastern end of the reef to which, in the days of the Dutch Governors, the boys of New Amsterdam went out in rowboats to shoot seals with their blunderbusses. Just a half mile to the east runs the channel that the ocean liners and other sea-going craft follow on their way to the Atlantic.

Mrs. Walker is content to live isolated as she does. The very noises of the great faintly out to the reef make her tremble, for these echoes of trade recall the lonely moments of her city trips. And just as she thinks the metropolis is the most Godforsaken spot on earth, so she believes that Robbin's Reef lighthouse is the most blessed. It is her home, and there her son Jake, who is the assistant keeper, his wife and three little daughters and her wn daughter live with her.

Mrs. Walker cares for the companionship of no other human beings. To her other people are as nothing except when they can be kept from shipwreck by her light, or saved from drowning or crushing ice floes by Jake in his small boat, or when she can warm with coffee the half-frozen clammers who, in winter, work within calling distance

of the reef.

For years sailors have spoken of Robbin's Reef lighthouse as "Katy's Light." So conscientious is Mrs. Walker in taking care of the lighthouse that since her husband died fourteen years ago she has not failed one night to look after the lamps. Sometimes, when he can persuade her to let him, her son relieves her for a part of the night, but for the most part she has kept the light bright with no outside help.

"It is my work," she says, "and so I love to do it."

do it."

For weeks in winter Mrs. Walker never closes her eyes in sleep at night. Then it is that the windows enclosing the light can be kept free from frost only by constant cleans-

met her and fell in love with her, and in less than a year after her arrival she was taken to the lighthouse as Jacob Walker's bride, her boy going along as Walker's adopted son and taking his name.

There she helped her husband for four years. At the end of that time he was transferred to Robbin's Reef light, where he remained until he died.

years. At the end of that time he was transferred to Robbin's Reef light, where he remained until he died.

Mrs. Walker believes that her husband would be living still if it had been possible to get a doctor to him while he was ill. But because the bay was choked with ice no one could reach the lighthouse, and so a heavy cold developed into a fever and pneumonia; and he died one night when a storm raged and while his wife was up with the light cleaning the windows so that it should shine clear.

After the funeral Rear Admiral Rodgers, who was then a Captain and inspector of the Third Lighthouse district, learned that Mrs. Walker wanted to be appointed keeper of the lighthouse. Although it was, and still is, against Government regulations to put a woman in charge of a lighthouse out at sea, he interested himself in Mrs. Walker's behalf.

For three years the Government refused

Mrs. Walker's behalf.

For three years the Government refused to break a rule that it had made, but, in the meantime, while it hunted for a man willing to go to the lonely post, Mrs. Walker was left on Robbins Reef.

Twice the Lighthouse Board thought it had a man to take charge of the light, but each one, after he had gone down the bay and viewed its isolated position, refused the job. So finally the board, despairing of ever securing a man as keeper, adopted Capt. Rodgers's suggestion and appointed Mrs. Walker.

Mrs. Walker.

Her son Jake has been assistant keeper for about ten years, and, although she has been entitled to ten days' vacation a month since that time, she has not taken advantage of the regulation for a single day. She has never been absent from the lighthouse for more than six or eight hours at a stretch.

In all the years that she has been in charge of the lighthouse Mrs. Walker has never

of the lighthouse Mrs. Walker has never received a reprimand or had a complaint entered against her, despite the fact that she has charge of a light which stands in one of the world's busiest harbors. Her lighthouse has the reputation of being the cleanest and best kept in the Third district.

the cleanest and best kept in the Third district.

Mrs. Walker is very modest about her record. In her quaint, broken English she says to those who compliment her:

"You think it fine? I am glad. But I like to work. It keeps me contented and happy. And why don't I take a vacation once in a while and let Jake take care of the light? Ach! I wouldn't know what to do with a whole day on shore—and then, I love the light."

Two things Mrs. Walker does leave to

the light? Ach: I wouldn't know what to do with a whole day on shore—and then, I love the light."

Two things Mrs. Walker does leave to her assistant—going ashore for supplies and rescuing rowboat fishermen.

Not infrequently young Walker has to lower his boat from the davits on the lighthouse's sea wall and pull out to a boat caught and being crushed in the ice, or capsized by a sudden squall or the wash of a liner. In effecting several of these rescues he himself has narrowly escaped being crushed by the ice that often piles up eight and ten feet high above the lighthouse.

He has also had not a few perilous trips to St. George for supplies. In good weather the distance is covered in less than half an hour, but when the autumnal storms and winter set in Jake does well if he can make shore after two hours of rowing.

Frequently he gets ashore, but when he starts to return he is forced to put back to Staten Island and wait for the storm to die down. He spent three hours the day before last New Year's Day trying to reach the lighthouse with a turkey and fixings, but at last, and only when he was half frozen, he gave up the struggle, with the result that the people on the Robbin's Reef had no New Year's dinner.

This rowboat communication with the main land, and the only kind that there is, is much interrupted at this season of the year. Last winter Jake did not get ashore more than half a dozen times.

But there is always one day that he makes every effort to get over to St. George. That is the day before Christmas, when his wife and their three children—Emma, the eld-

## · .... **CUITARS MANDOLINS** BANJOS

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est, 4 years old; Katherine, and Alberta, the baby—go to Nev York to see the Christ-mas toys and buy gifts for one another and the faithful woman left alone in the

and the faithful woman left alone in the lighthouse.

This is one of the two or three times a year that these three water babies get on land, and the sights that they see make their little eyes bulge with wonder and furnish food for talk for days to come with their grandmother, who, until her son married about five years ago, had her two children for her only companions for nearly ten years.

Because they get to see people outside the lighthouse so seldom, the little girls are extremely shy when a stranger once in a great while clambers up the iron ladder

in a great while clambers up the iron ladder reaching down to the water along their home's side. No amount of coaxing can induce the two younger to come from their hiding place behind their grandmother's skirts, and only after prolonged persuasion will Emma forget her bashfulness enough to smile timidly and lisp sweetly.

Mary, the daughter, is away a good part of the time now, for she goes to a boarding school on Staten Island. But when vacation comes she loses no time in getting back to the lighthouse where her little nieces spend hours on sunny days in the rope swing in which she passed a large part of her childhood, which is suspended from stout iron hooks driven into the stone floor of the second balcony.

She has never known any other home than the lighthouse, and her affection for it is deep. She is, indeed, a child of the sea, and, like her simple-minded, open-hearted and quaintly old-fashioned mother, she can interpret its every sign and mood.

an interpret its every sign and mood A SODA COUNTER COURTSHIP.

One Young Man Who Won a Wife While Booming a Drug Store.

"How did I win my wife?" said a young man who had been asked if he would mind elling what had prospered him most in his suit for the life partner with whom he s now blessed. "Well, I won her in the queerest way in the world, and at a time

queerest way in the world, and at a time when I was about the poorest I had ever been in my life, and when also I was out of work.

"There was a nice young fellow in our town, clerk in a drug store, who started a drug store of his own with an exceptionally elaborate and excellent soda fountain; he knew the profits of the soda water business, and he set out to get his share of that.

"But it didn't come in. Day after day the grand new soda fountain stood there lonesome as could be with nobody in front of it, the white jacketed soda clerk standing back of it with his arms folded.

"You know how it is about these things. It gets to be the fashion to go to one place, and its hard to get that trade. But there was my friend with the best outfit in the bunch, and as good goods as anybody, do-

bunch, and as good goods as anybody, do-ing nothing; ice cream melting every day, and renewed every day, but nobody coming

kept free from frost only by constant cleansing.

At this time Mrs. Walker will not let Jake come up into the little room where the light glows until dawn. Then he brings her a cup of coffee, and, after she has drunk it, she descends the ladder and goes to bed.

That is, she generally does, but if the day is foggy and a blanket of white hangs over the bay so that the ships are lost to view, she looks after the fog whistle, or, if that is out of order, sets in motion the clock-like mechanism that rings the fog bell. After that she stays up until the fog lifts entirely or the worst of it is over.

With the exception of one year, Mrs. Walker has spent all her time in America in a lighthouse. It is twenty-two years since she landed on Sandy Hook with her son, whose father died in Germany shortly before she set sail for this country.

She had been working on the Hook only a few months when Jacob Walker, assistant keeper of the Sandy Hook lighthouse, met her and fell in love with her, and in less than a year after her arrival she was taken to the lighthouse as Jacob Walker's the correction of the counter and order soda and then dawdle over it in pleased sippings. And one day I tok there bunch, and as good goods as anybody, does untended as appod good goods as anybody, does in the bunch, and as good goods as anybody, does in the bunch, and as good goods as anybody, does in the bunch, and as good goods as anybody, does in the bunch, and as good goods as anybody, does in the bunch, and as good goods as anybody, does in the bunch, and as good goods as anybody, does in the bunch, and as good goods as anybody, does in the bunch, and as good goods as anybody, does in the bunch, and as good goods as anybody, does in the bunch, and as good goods as anybody, does in the bunch, and as good goods as anybody, does in the bunch, and as good goods as anybody, does in the bunch, and as good goods as anybody does in the bunch, and as good goods as anybody and renewed every day, and renewed every day, and renewed every day, and renewe

sippings. And one day I took there for an ice cream soda the young lady who is now my wife.

"She was very fond of ice cream soda. Court was being paid to her at that time by a young man, a solid young man he was, too, worth more of a long shot than I was, and I must say that I thought then with better prospects, and he was a pretty strong suitor. But he was a little stingy, or, as you might say, close about his money; he never wasted any.

"Now here was a young lady very fond of ice cream soda and with a suitor well able to buy it for her but who didn't, and then here just at the moment I come along, presentable enough to her in my personal appearance, and with a whole soda fountain at my back.

"Imagine the result. I took her into my friend's beautiful new drug store often, and it would have been hard to set up in front of it a more attractive figure. You've seen her, and you know how she looks now; she was, if possible, more attractive then.

"People used to look at her from the



the vision ably Scho nurs open It this invalue become the suggetar man there are the far invalue of the far

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the Librarian of Congress, in favor of Willie for a membership in the library. Mr. Young was such a friend of the General's Mrs. Grant had often volunteered to help Harrison along, and he supposed of course she would gladly write an indorsement But nothing of the kind. "No. Harrison." she replied with a vigor quite characteristic. "We are at outs with Administration. McKinley offered Fred something not much better than a clerkship, and we shall never ask any more But she kindly inquired into Harrison's personal circumstances, and being told of some present necessity promptly had a check for \$60 filled out by her amanuensis, which she signed and presented to him. Subsequently Col. Grant was made a Brigadier in the Regular army by President McKinley, and doubtless Mrs. Grant's anger Another curious illustration of her influence is found in the relative treatment of the two families of Grants and Dents after Grant entered the White House. For A HOLLY BRANTIN some reason Grant's old mother never

> or is surrounded by so many canopies and hangings, by so much pomp and show, by so many waving flags and tapestries, that one might almost as well be of one color as another.

But grace is a different thing, and is required. To mount an elephant with dignity takes this quality, and not only his, but knack. It takes confidence, born of practice: and it takes judgment and tact. And for this ordeal, and a dozen others, the leading lady of India is preparing herself.

Now the woman at home may not have

own drawing room, speaking to this guest and to that one, speeding the parting and greeting the coming, without feeling that ou might have studied grace to your advantage? Well, the woman of the moment is remedying all defects of her nake-up and training by cultivating every

To fly correctly you take some long light object in your hand, even as a bird

Knob Country Citizen Laments the Effect

LACKAWAREN, Pa., Dec. 20 .- This idea

hrough the ice with tip-ups is goin' to

against the latest version of the Penn

And what's the use o' havin' ice if you can't

"I want to ask them fellers that puts it in

ivin' witness ag'in the cuss o' rum? Would

shot out of a gun.
"He brought up ag'in a tip-up that had

fish for pickerel through it?

of Pennsylvania's Game Law.

It opens the lungs and makes deep breath

The poetry of motion is learned in the flying movement, so say the ones who make a study of this species of grace. They say that, just as a bird-is always graceful when it flies, so is a woman who has learned

The poetry of motion is learned in the

WHAT! NOT CATCH PICKEREL? makin' it ag'in the law to fish for pickerel

knock the spots all out o' Christmas," said the man from the Knob country, protesting sylvania law on the subject. "What's the ise o' havin' Christmas if you can't fish for pickerel through the ice with tip-ups? the law that we can't ketch pickerel with tipups no more, where would Sam Simon be today if there hadn't never been no ketchen pickerel through the ice? Would he be a

have redness of eyes, he had bulgin' of 'em. Nobody hadn't been able to git Simon to let up on his tamperin' with the juice, and everybody see that it wouldn't be more than a little while 'fore he'd be a goner, and it was too bad, for Simon had the makin's of quite a feller-citizen in him.

"Everybody had got through talkin' about the picker'l by the time Simon come in, and he was nervous and shiverin' and tremendous shaky. He begun to cuss and sw'ar because he said it was so cold in the kitchen, and he tottered over to'rds the corner where them picker'l was ranked up like sticks o' stovewood, like he was goin' to put a stick or two on the fire.

"Jest as he got to 'em the stack o' picker'l began to wobble, and up jumped one o' them savage b'g picker'l right out o' the pile, followed by the one that he'd had the rough-and tumble with, and three or four more, and in less than a second there was the liveliest scrimmage goin' on amongsl'em that any one ever see. The picker't had thawed out and was jest as full o' grit and ginger as they was 'fore they froze up. "Well, when Simon see that, his eyes shot out furder than ever. He gave a yell, his hair riz up, and he give one jump and went through the winder, and struck away acrosst lots, sheddin' panther yells at every jump. He never stopped till he got to the Squire's, two mild up the turnpike. He busted into the Squire's yellin': "Draw the papers, Squire! Draw 'em strong! When I see stove wood, by cate, turnin' into baby afligators, worse than Aaron's staff turned into wigglin' sarpents: he yelled, 'it's time for me to swear off ag'in the cuss o' rum and I'm goin' to do it, by cate!"

"And he did, and he hair' never leaked." he?

"I never see the pickerel so big and tough and fullo' fight as they was that particular Christmas day me and Jake was yankin' 'em out o' Big Pond, up here, back o' Lackawack. I remember one tremendous big feiler that I had all I could do to land, he fit so amazin', and I had him chucked out on the ice jest as Jake come sallin' by on his skates takin a whirl around among the tip-ups and goin' like a railroad train.

"As he went by that big pickerel riz up and grabbed Jake by the coat-tail, and it looked to me as if he was reachin' up and gulpin' in Jake's coat about three inches every gulp. Jake was skeert, and he took a turn to come back, hollerin' to me to knock the pickerel in the head with the axe, but jest as Jake turned the pickerel let go, and went sailin on over the ice like he'd been shot out of a gun.

"He brought up ag'in a tip up that head."

the cuss o' rum and I'm goin' to do it, by And he did, and he hain't never looked on the wine when it was red nor the tangle-foot when it was yaller from that day to this. But 'spose it had been ag'in the law to fish fer pickerel through the ice with tip-ups? Where would Simon be to-day? tip-ups? Where would Simon be to-da He wouldn't be nowheres and the cuss rum 'd be laughin' ha, ha!"

HARD TO KILL MOSQUITOES. In Ponds That Dry Up the Eggs Live for

shot out of a gun.

"He brought up ag'in a tip-up that had jest that second gone up in the air. Before I could get to it the pickerel had yanked the line up out o' that hole, with another pickerel onto it as big as he was. That pickerel hadn't no more than flopped out on the ice than t'other un pitched into him, and if they didn't have about the properest rough and tumble around there on the ice before me and Jake could git 'em apart, then I can't remember.

"The weather was cuttin' zero toler'ble close, and when them picker'l begun to cool off after we had got 'em parted 'twa'n't long 'fore they was froze stiff and the fight was all gone out of 'em. I hain't goin' ter say how many picker'l me and Jabe yanked up through the ice that day, but when we took 'em home along a little after dark, all froze stiff and straight as ash saplin's. Big Eli, who was the best kind of a jedge, sized 'em up as we ranked 'em in the kitchen and said that he'd bet there must be all of a quarter of a cord of 'em.

"Sam's Simon had been lookin' consider'ble at the wine when it was red and tarryin' pooty long and often where strong drink was a ragin', that fall and winter, and this Christmas when we fetched them picker'l in and stacked 'em up, Simon came in a little later and he didn't only Many Months. NEW OBLEANS, Dec. 18 .- Dr. T. W. Dupree, who has been making an investigapree, who has been making an investigation of mosquitoes in Louisiana, has reported to the Louisiana Society of Naturalists that he has found that the eggs of mosquitoes often hatch months after they are laid, especially if they are deposited n ponds which subsequently dry up.

The conclusion reached by Dr. Dupree is that the methods which have been used in getting rid of the mosquitoes by oiling or otherwise treating the ponds during March and April, when the eggs are supposed to be hatching, will be productive of little benefit, as the hatching is going on all the time.

of little benefit, as the hatching is going on all the time.

Dr. Dupree found twenty-four varieties of mosquitoes in Louisiana ponds, most of them in the same ponds. The species vary from year to year, some varieties being abundant one year and others the next.

"Walking along a street near where I

feet off, and settled down the same and began eating.
"At once the one that had been left behind flew after the first and settled down beside the same of the bread.

settled down there with it on the snow and began again to eat by itself.

"And that's the way they were as I passed on—the stronger sparrow, with all the brend, eating on the sidewalk; the other sparrow, out in the road, left with noth ig.

"Birds and beasts intelligent? Well, I should say so. I don't see but what they are just like us."

INCIDENTS OF SPARROW LIFE. Three Scenes After a Snowstorm That "Here are three incidents of sparrow life, lately observed," said Mr. Goslington, "that interested me. "Of course, after a snowstorm, the sparrows have the time of their lives getting something to eat; and many of them don't

"It seemed not impossible that it had been there before, and been fed there, and had come up there intelligently; but this was Sunday and, at that hour anyway,

had come up there intelligently; but this was Sunday and, at that hour anyway, the restaurant was closed, and there was nothing doing there for the sparrow.

"Incident No. 2. A dozen sparrows had found at the edge of a sidewalk a crust of bread thrown out on the snow and were hopping about this crust and picking at it hurriedly and nervously, to get away with it before anything could happen to take it from them, when out from the house line of the walk came bounding toward them a vigorous and lively small dog, and the sparrows had to leave the crust and flee for their lives, the dog meanwhile bobbing back to the house thinking that chasing sparrows was great fun. But it was rough on the sparrows, hey? Well, now.

"But note incident No. 3. There were just two sparrows in this episode, with none other in sight anywhere in that wide stretch of snow that spread over street and sidewalk everywhere. And these two sparrows had got a tiny nubbin of bread between them from somewhere, or rather one of them had got it and the other wanted some of it, and the strong one that had possession of the bread wouldn't let the other have it.

"And presently the bigger bird picked up the crumb and flew away with it, twenty feet off, and settled down there in the road and began eating." "At once the one that had been left behind."

the arter the first and settled down peside it again; it wanted some of the bread. But once more the stronger bird picked up the crumb and flew off with it, this time another twenty feet, to the sidewalk, and settled down there with it on the snow and because again to get by itself.

You've seen her, and you know how she looks now; she was, if possible, more attractive then.

"People used to look at her from the street and admire her; and there we used to sit and eat or drink, whichever it is, or both, ice cream soda, taking plenty of time over it, and I not neglecting the chance; I may say that most of my courting I did sitting in front of the soda fountain.

"Meantime I was not idle in other ways. No doubt, as a matter of cold truth, she and I helped to draw people in; just the sight of anybody there would do for that; but I brought in my men friends, and pretty soon she began to bring in her young women friends: and then things began to look up decidedly.

"These new people, in turn, brought in their friends and so on, you know, a sort of an endless chain business. And my friend the druggist put up the proper goods, and the trick was done.

"At the end of a year she and I, that is to say, the young lady now my wife, and I, who twelve months before had had the whole counter all to ourselves, were compelled often to wait to get a chance to stand at it. But before that happy time-for the druggist—I had wooed and won her, and some time before that I had found lucrative employment and could afford to marry; so now we were married, with my friend the druggist for best man, he more pleased than he could put in words for what I had done for the fountain, and I more pleased than I could possibly tell over what the fountain had done for me."